



Sunday March 24th,1996 Vol. 4 issue 2

“Life is a holiday in the same way that glass is a liquid”

Have you ever noticed that just about everyone has some official day named after them? National Secretary's Day, Mother's Day, Father's Day, Hairy-Man-in-an-Old-Moth-Eaten-Overcoat-Who-

Smells-Like-He-Runs-With-the-Yaks Day. How do people get days assigned to them? Draw straws? Pick numbers ("This week's Lotto jackpot is up to one national holiday")? Is there actually some lame government agency whose sole purpose for eating our tax dollars is to hand out official days? If there truly is such an useless agency, GDT has a suggestion: We would like to honor that proud and exclusive crew who boldly call themselves the "cry for help"-ers. Hell, they shouldn't just be given one day, there should be an entire month..."National Cry for Help Month" when all the closet call for helpers come out and show the world the true meaning of their pseudo-suicidal tendencies.

Why shouldn't we honor the growing number of "it was a cry for help" people? You know who the "cry for help" people are. They're the ones who try to overdose on children's Tylenol and laxatives. The ones who think about slitting their wrists in a manner that won't leave a permanent scar. They don't actually want to kill themselves. I mean by the time one of these guys figures out a convoluted plan of "attempted suicide" that would make any member of Mission Impossible weep with joy from the subtle intricacies included any self respecting suicidal maniac has already shown the world just how long their entrails really are after committing hari-kari with a number two pencil while dangling out a twenty story window (lead poisoning and disembowelment...what a way to go. "Do not colour outside the circles!").

In my middle school, suicide attempts seemed to be a rite of passage. If your voice hadn't changed and you hadn't pierced a major artery in the presence of a friend, (somebody had to know didn't they?), you had not yet experienced the true trauma that is adolescence. People used to brandish their war wounds as signs of honor, as if surviving, not five, but six attempts on their own life could show the significance of their life's inner struggle. All that shows is that they are incredibly incompetent.

Those people who couldn't find a handy friend on location at the time would call them up to tell them, sometimes on a weekly basis. They would say such things as, "Don't tell anyone." (Well aren't they going to know after the fact?), "Don't try to stop me." (Why did you call?), "I just wanted you to know " (and the other half of the seventh grade. It's not as if you're not going to notice that your friend is dead).

Meanwhile the person sitting at the other end of the line is running through another rehearsal of the lines they have to recite at least once a month while calmly meandering through the latest issue of Seventeen magazine. The steady monotone droning on: "No. Don't do it. I'll miss you. Please, don't do it. We all need you." All of this emerges with about as much emotion as an airline stewardess marking the nearest exits...but with fewer hand signals. They sit there checking their watch wondering, "How much longer is this going to be? Don't they know I have practice at three?"

When I was growing up my parents taught me a couple things:

- You don't have to like it you just have to eat it.
- If you're going to do something, do it right.
- And when I'm speaking sarcastically to my father it's called being "sassy"; when he does it, it is his god-given right.

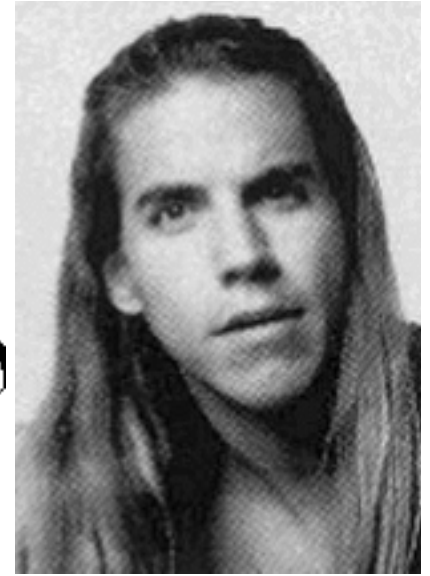
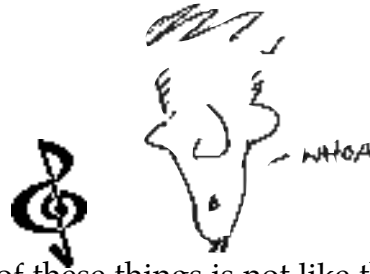
Most of this is unimportant with the exception of, "if you're going to do something, do it right." Much like the incomprehensibility of thousands of foiled assassination attempts on a moose named Bullwinkle, you have to stop and wonder: just how incompetent do you have to be to successfully survive six suicide attempts? Then again, I suppose they wouldn't call it attempted suicide if it was actually successful.

So to sum it all up dear friends if you are so lame that you can't even manage to kill yourself, ask a friend to do it, or better yet, contact the professionals at the Church of Euthanasia care of Rev. Chris Korda, coe@netcom.com. The next time you call for help, check their credentials and their attempt:death rates. Chose only the best.

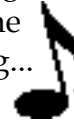
Oh, and keep your local coroner amused...die strangely.



Peterson ©



One of these things is not like the others.
One of these things just doesn't belong.
If you guess which thing is not like the others, by the time we finish this song...



When Miss Morissette hit the scene some months ago, I kept getting the vague impression that she looked like someone I knew. After weeks of being bothered by it, I

realized it was someone I KNEW, but someone I had seen. It finally clicked when I saw A Red Hot Chili Pepper video followed by an Alanis video. That's right. Alanis Morissette is actually Anthony Kiedis. Sure, softer chin and larger breasts, but LOOK AT THEM! They could be siblings for Christ's sake.

News from the Kitchen

First off, we at the Hell's Kitchen confederation would like to say "sorry" for the screwed up order of the Melancholy Predator last week. We had hoped to initiate a new format for the Predator, but there was a breakdown in communication among the people who knew what was going on and the people who were in charge of the printing.

If it helps, look at it as the "Limited Edition Left-handed Melancholy Predator." Save those puppies...they'll be worth big bucks.

Speaking of bucks...

With the end of the year fast approaching, we've received various questions and concerns about subscriptions. If you are graduating, transferring, or have just seen the Hell's Kitchen publications on the WWW, we offer yearly subscriptions now. One year consists of at least 30 issues, at a cost of \$24. That sounds like a lot, but at the end of a year, that is 240 pages. Plus it helps us stay in print.

- Printing cost 5¢ a page
- 32¢ stamp
- That means every issue costs 72¢ to print and mail.

For each subscription, we make just over \$4.00 profit. Bad for us, good for you. Trust us...it's a good deal.

Hell's Kitchen welcomes comments. Send submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to diablo@csh.rit.edu or Hell's Kitchen c/o 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C, Rochester, New York, 14623 Hell's Kitchen reserves the right to reprint any letter without editing it for clarity.

The GDT Challenge

Over the past year, we have touched on a number of topics, and it doesn't look like we're going to run out of inspiration any time soon.

BUT, we do like challenges. So, we challenge you, our readers, to come up with topics for us to write about.

As an incentive, we're offering a free GDTee Shirt, but we're not worried; even if there are issues we can't write about, people are so apathetic we won't hear anything..

You've only got a few weeks before the end of the quarter, so get cracking. Here's the rules:

- We require at least two weeks to write and publish the idea.
- All ideas must be printed before the last issue.
- Not all ideas will be first page material. Some may show up as Dear BFG's, God Files, From the Corner, After Dinner Mints, or any other column we regularly run

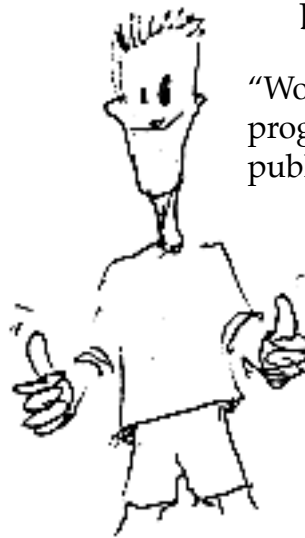
Send your ideas to GDT c/o the address below.

Martyr of the week

The seige is over. Praise be to God!

Welcome again to my haven for the religiously repressed. The **Martyr of the Week** for **March 24-30** is the little known **St Alkelda (March 27)**. Very little is known about her, and what is known is somewhat conflicting. Alkelda seems to have been an Anglo-Saxon princess who was either strangled by a pair of Danish women or (as an ancient painting represents) was strangled by Danish pirates (arrgh!). Two Yorkshire (England) churches are dedicated to our Saint. One, in the town of Giggleswick, has a holy well in whose waters the faithful seek solace from eye troubles.

Last Survey Results



"Would you rather cut sports programs or art programs in public schools"

73.7%: Sports
21.1%: Arts

"Would you rather give your mother a dildo or a hickey?"

57.4%: Dildo
52.6%: Hickey
1%: Both

Best response: "A hickey fades with time, but a dildo is forever."

Random Facts:

President Benjamin Harrison and his family were afraid to turn on the electric lights in the White House.

Scientists at the University of Pittsburgh discovered that pinching a rat's tail while he's eating will make him eat more.

Latest Survey

"Would you rather have your eyebrows permanently removed or be very sad on Tuesdays?"

"Would you rather look alot like a Barbie doll or have a series of abdominal growths that looked alot like Barbie dolls?"

Send replies to GDT care of diablo@csh.rit.edu



Heaven is an interesting concept. There hasn't always been the idea of a Paradise: people sitting around, eating peeled grapes, playing with androgenous angels and whatnot. Most people assume that because Christianity and all of its bastard children have an afterlife that is just a softer, cushier version of what we have here, most religions had a world of bliss. I could go on and say that this isn't true; I actually thought about talking about Valhala a little, but I've a more interesting topic.

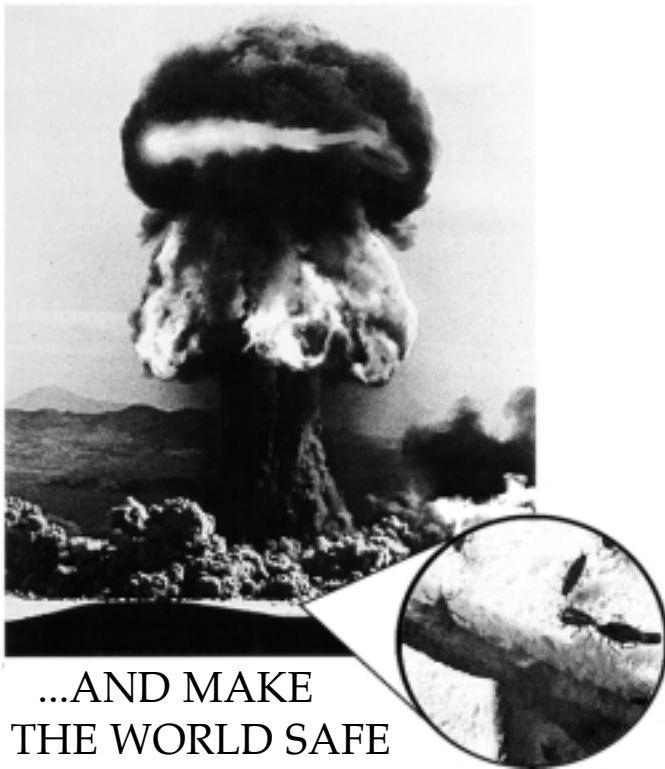
The concept of a better world waiting for the pious necessarily degrades this world. In comparision to any hypothetical Paradisic world, this world becomes substandard, a lemon, a 1973 GL with all four fenders made from screening and unsanded Bond-O, painted green, black, and blue to cover various repairs, and the alternator held together with Duct-tape; in short, it sucks, and should be treated accordingly.

I don't think it is any coincidence that the stereotyped "right-wingers" are supporters of the Christian Coalition, relaxed environmental laws, and "Right to Life." Hey, let's strip that ozone layer, jack up the population density, and make everyone Christian. That way, once we suffocate in our own waste (only if we are not killed by roving bands of starving people after the planet's ability to support our massive numbers has been exceeded) at least when we all die, we'll all go to Heaven.

If the meanwhile, as we all whittle away the time waiting for the coming crash, we can enjoy sprintime walks in the soft acid rain, the sound of cany wrappers blowing in the fall winds, and the sunsets made all the more vivid by the increase of particles in the atmosphere.

And who's to say we'd keep Heaven so clean? A lifetime of habit can be hard to break. Can't you see it? Heaven is now studded with smoke stacks; but the standard of living is skyrocketing.

SUPPORT NUCLEAR TESTING...



...AND MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR BLIND, SCREWING COCK-ROACHES.

GDTees are back!

Last quarters GDTees are in and will be delivered as soon as we can get in touch with all of the people who ordered them. We'd like to thank everyone who ordered one and say that we raised enough money to pay for the printing of one and a quarter issues, but at this point every little bit counts.

So in the spirit of counting bits GDT would like to present the next GD Tee shirt. The t-shirt's back will be smartly garnished with the image to the left. T-shirts are available in small, medium, large, and extra large. The cost is \$10.00 for fan club members, and \$12.50 for the rest of you slobs.

We only order as many as we need, so they are limited edition and you must order them now, because the order gets send in on April 15th.

And they won't take too long to process, because we actually know what we're doing now, hooray!

To order contact diablo@cs.h.rit.edu

Here's GDT's latest regular collumn, showcasing our own version of The Army of Darkness. Just in case the Apocalypse Boys come a call'in at your door, you'll know everyone by name; you might even know their favorite beverages. Then, if you're really good, you could invite them all in and throw the party that ends all parties...in their honor of course.

Just as a side bar to our future financial forecast, we will be making each of these images and corrsponding statistics into limited edition trading cards, which allow you to adore both the genius artistry of our illustrator, Scott Peterson, and the deranged, deteriorating minds of our maladjusted editors. We will print more information on collecting the cards in later issues (as soon as we have more than one).

Enjoy.

Unconditional Love

Measurments: 35-23-28-7 (don't ask what that last measurement was, you don't want to know)

Mount: Dont-mind-if-I-do

Likes: Abstinence

Dislikes: abstinence

Strength: More than you know

Agility: 10

Wisdom: 0.2598

Dexterity: 9/10

Charisma: 9

Speed: "Put a Black&Decker drill on the end and I can go through walls."

Stamina: Ohhhh. yes!

Health: 18⁰⁵

